If that thy prosperous and artificiall fate,
Can draw him but to answere thee in ought,
Thy sacred Physicke shall receiue such pay,
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir I will vse my vtmost skill in his recouerie, prouided that none but I and my companion maid be suffered to come neere him.

Lys. Come, let vs leaue her, and the Gods make her prosperous. *The Song.*

Lys. Marke he your Musicke?

Mar. No nor lookt on vs.

Lys. See she will speake to him.

Mar. Haile sir, my Lord lend eare.

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a maid, my Lorde, that nere before inuited eyes, but haue beene gazed on like a Comet: She speaks my Lord, that may be, hath endured a griefe might equall yours, if both were iustly wayde, though wayward fortune did maligne my state, my deriuation was from ancestors, who stood equiuolent with mightie Kings, but time hath rooted out my parentage, and to the world, and augward casualties, bound me in seruitude, I will desist, but there is something glowes vpon my cheek, and whispers in mine eare, go not till he speake.

Per. My fortunes, parentage, good parentage, to equall mine, was it not thus, what say you?

Mari. I sed my Lord, if you did know my parentage, you would not do me violence.

Per. I do thinke so, pray you turne your eyes vpon me, your like something that, what Countrey women heare of these shewes?

Mar. No, nor of any shewes, yet I was mortally brought forth, and am no other then I appeare.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliuer weeping: my dearest wife was like this maid, and sucha one my daughter

ter might haue beene: My Queenes square browes, her stature to an inch, as wandlike-straight, as siluer voyst, her eyes as Iewell-like, and caste as richly, in pace an other *Iuno.* Who starues the eares shee feedes, and makes them hungrie, the more she giues them speech, Where doe you liue?

Mar. Where I am but a straunger; from the decke, you may discerne the place.

Per. Where were you bred? and how atchieu'd you these indowments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my hystorie, it would seeme like lies disdaind in the reporting.

Per. Prethee speake, falsnesse cannot come from thee, for thou lookest modest as iustice, & thou seemest a *Pallas* for the crownd truth to dwell in; I wil beleeue thee, & make senses credit thy relation, to points that seeme impossible, for thou lookest like one I loued indeede: what were thy friends? didst thou not stay when I did push thee backe, which was, when I perceiu'd thee that thou camst from good discending. *Mar.* So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage, I think thou saidst thou hadst beene tost from wrong to iniurie, and that thou thoughts thy griefs might equall mine, if both were opened.

Mar. Some such thing I sed, and sed no more, but what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy storie, if thine considered proue the thousand part of my enduraunce, thou art a man, and I haue suffered like a girle, yet thou doest looke like patience, gazing on Kings graues, and smiling extremitie out of act, what were thy friends? howe lost thou thy name, my most kinde Virgin? recount I doe beseech thee, Come sit by mee.

Mar. My name is *Marina.*

Per. Oh I am mockt, and thou by some insenced God sent hither to make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience